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Axle load not exceeding	Appropriate Section-Size	When axle load is	Air Pressure	Keep back tyre at
720 lbs.	65 mm. Light	500 to 720 lbs.	45 to 50 lbs.	45 to 50 lbs.
900 lbs.	80 mm. Heavy	600 to 900 lbs.	50 to 60 lbs.	50 to 60 lbs.
1080 lbs.	85 mm. Heavy	600 to 950 lbs.	55 to 65 lbs.	55 to 65 lbs.
1260 lbs.	90 mm. Heavy	600 to 1000 lbs.	60 to 70 lbs.	60 to 70 lbs.
1440 lbs.	100 mm.	800 to 1200 lbs.	65 to 75 lbs.	65 to 75 lbs.
1620 lbs.	105 mm.	800 to 1400 lbs.	70 to 80 lbs.	70 to 80 lbs.
1800 lbs.	120 mm.	1000 to 1800 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.
2000 lbs.	135 mm.	1200 to 2000 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.
2200 lbs.	150 mm.	1600 to 2800 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.
2400 lbs.		2000 to 3000 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.
2600 lbs.		2200 to 3000 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.	75 to 85 lbs.
2800 lbs.				
3000 lbs.				

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The Sketch

No. 1153.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

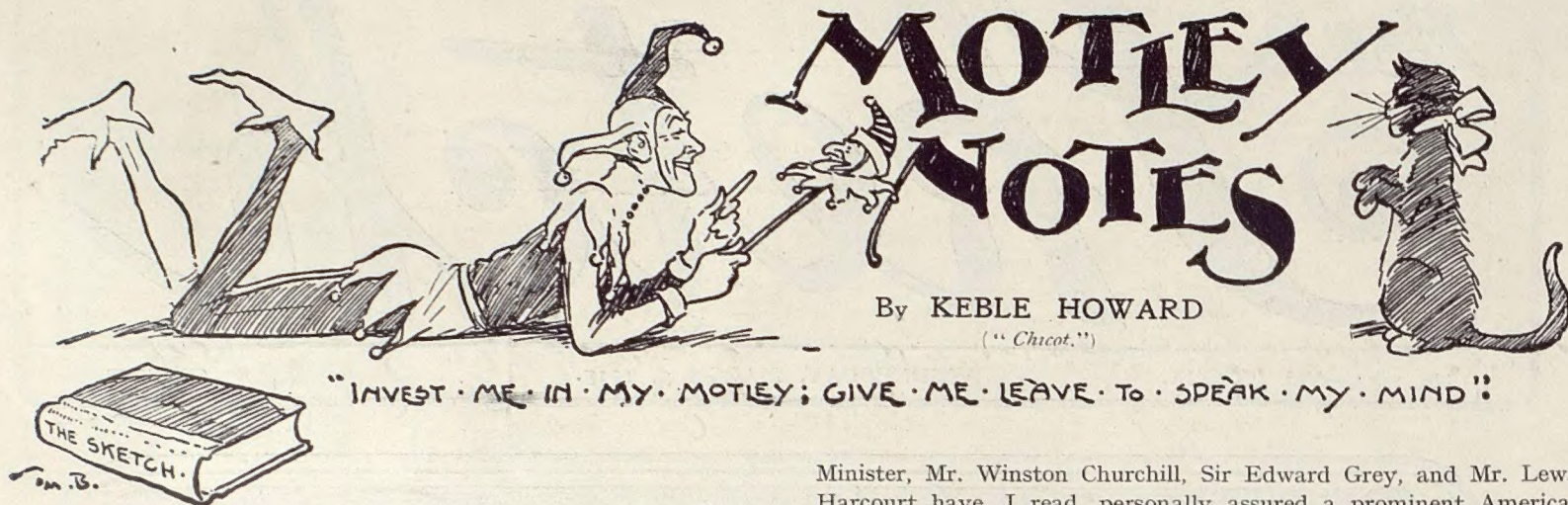


A WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE WHO HAS DIED OF HIS WOUNDS: THE LATE MR. KENNETH POWELL,
OF HURDLES AND LAWN-TENNIS FAME.

Every good sportsman heard with the greatest regret the other day that Kenneth Powell, the famous hurdler and lawn-tennis player, who was serving with the H.A.C., had been hit while in action at the front, and had died of his wounds. Mr. Powell, who would have been thirty in April, played for Cambridge against Oxford at lawn-tennis in 1905, as partner of Mr. A. F. Wilding. In the two following years he captained the Cambridge team. After that he won many prizes in tournaments, both in this country and on the Continent, at Stockholm, Lyons, and elsewhere.

At Wimbledon, in 1913, he beat Mr. C. P. Dixon. In other forms of athletics he was equally brilliant. At Rugby he won the athletic cup for the greatest number of wins in the school sports (1903-4), captained the football team, and played for the school at racquets. At Cambridge he got his Blue for athletics and was President of the C.U.A.C. He twice won the hurdles against Oxford, making a record time for the Inter-Varsity Sports. As a hurdler he represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games in 1908, and at Stockholm in 1912.

Photograph by McKenzie.



Stock-Taking. It seems to me that the moment has come when we should stand back for a second and take a good look at the war. How far have we got and what are we doing? How far has Germany got and what is she doing? Above all, what is the world at large going to get out of this war?

With the utter failure of the "blockade," Germany would appear to have tried everything she knows. She has tried intimidation, assassination, and starvation. They have all failed. She has tried to get to Paris, and to Calais, and to Warsaw: all these attempts have failed. She has sent forth her Zeppelins, and her Zeppelins have failed. She has tried to lure America to her side of the field, and has merely succeeded in making the friendship between England and America stronger than it has ever been in the history of the two races. At the present moment, having failed to starve England, she is wasting her submarine power on a few fishing-smacks. Pessimists tell one that Germany is successful in so far as the Allies have not yet reached German soil, to which the very simple answer is that the Allies did not set out to reach German soil. They entered into the war with the sole idea of confining the Bellicose Germans—and only the Bellicose Germans—to German territory.

Germany, therefore, has (1) occupied the greater part of Belgium; (2) she has killed a large number of civilians, including women and children; (3) she has sunk a number of peaceful little ships.

The Position of England.

Now for our side of the field. What have we done?

We have laid for ever the bogey of German invasion. That is the greatest thing, in a material sense, that we have accomplished since the beginning of the war. We have shown a large number of nervous people in these islands, and an even larger number of doubtful people outside of these islands, that England can never be invaded so long as England chooses to keep up the finest Navy in the world. Some of us were not sure about this; some of us had to be convinced. Well, the war—with all that it means of human sorrow and suffering—will not have been wasted if only for this reason.

So much for the material side. On the moral side, the war has been of infinitely greater value to England. It has shown the world and ourselves (1) that the real spirit of England is precisely the same as it was "in the brave days of old"; (2) it has shown the world and ourselves that, whatever our provocation—and God knows we have had enough of that—we will not be tempted into forgetting that we are, at heart, a nation of gentlemen; (3) it has shown the world and ourselves that we do care for the rights of smaller nations, and that, whatever some individual Englishmen may do, the nation as a whole scorns to use its huge power for the tyrannical bullying methods of the giant.

At the moment, then, we are so much to the good.

The Higher Duty.

At the risk of being called dull and priggish by those early Victorian minds who can associate the Jester with nothing better than verbal and physical bladder-thwacks, I am going to ask you, friend the reader, if you think that we shall have accomplished our duty to the full when we turn Germany out of Belgium and bring her to her knees. In other words, is there no better way of bringing her to her knees than by taking her by the scruff of the neck and shoving her down? I hold no brief for conciliation. Germany has behaved disgracefully, and she must be punished. The Prime

Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Lewis Harcourt have, I read, personally assured a prominent American newspaper proprietor that "the statement that England will fight to the last ship and the last man is exactly true." I am all for that, and, when I say I am all for that, I do not mean that I am all for fighting merely to the last man in the Army and in the Navy. I mean, literally, to the last man. We must all be prepared—and I think most men are prepared—to give up our lives if England needs them. The younger men, and the men who can go to the front without a mind full of anxiety for the economic position of those left behind, naturally get the first call; but the call may come to the older men, and to the men to whom it will mean financial ruin whether they live or die. That call will be answered.

But why? "For King and Country" is a splendid cry, yet there is an even finer one—"For All Mankind."

The Higher Way?

Well, is there a higher way for England? We now know that we can hold our own; we know that we can, in time, starve Germany into sub-

mission; we know that our Navy is stronger than ever, and our new Army intact. We have a tremendous bludgeon in our hands. What are we going to do with it? A policeman is stronger than the handcuffed criminal; but he does not, for that reason, beat the poor wretch about the head until he is senseless. England, in a sense, is the policeman of the world; but she is much more than that. With the help of her Allies, and the sure sympathy and approval of the United States, she has it in her power to be the magistrate of the world at the present juncture in so far as applies to Germany.

She can say, "Well, my man, I'm afraid you find yourself in a very awkward and a somewhat ignominious position. It is in my power to pass a severe sentence upon you, and it is my duty to punish you. But I do not wish, as the representative of British Justice, to seem vindictive. I want to give you a chance. I want you, as the result of this experience, to be a better man. You see now that these ways into which you have fallen lead to misery for yourself. Society will not tolerate such practices. Come, then, take yourself in hand before it is too late. If not for your own sake, at any rate for the sake of your children, resolve to do better in future. All I want is your word of honour—in which I still have faith—solemnly and seriously given, and I am prepared to let you off with a comparatively light punishment. The keynote of British Justice is Tolerance."

The Message for America.

The statement to which I have alluded—the statement made, according to a prominent newspaper, by the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Lewis Harcourt to Mr. Robert McCormick, of the *Chicago Tribune*, and through him to the great American public—should be read and carefully noted by every serious-minded person in this country. It tells the world why we are fighting, how long we mean to fight, and what will be our terms of peace. And there are new things in it.

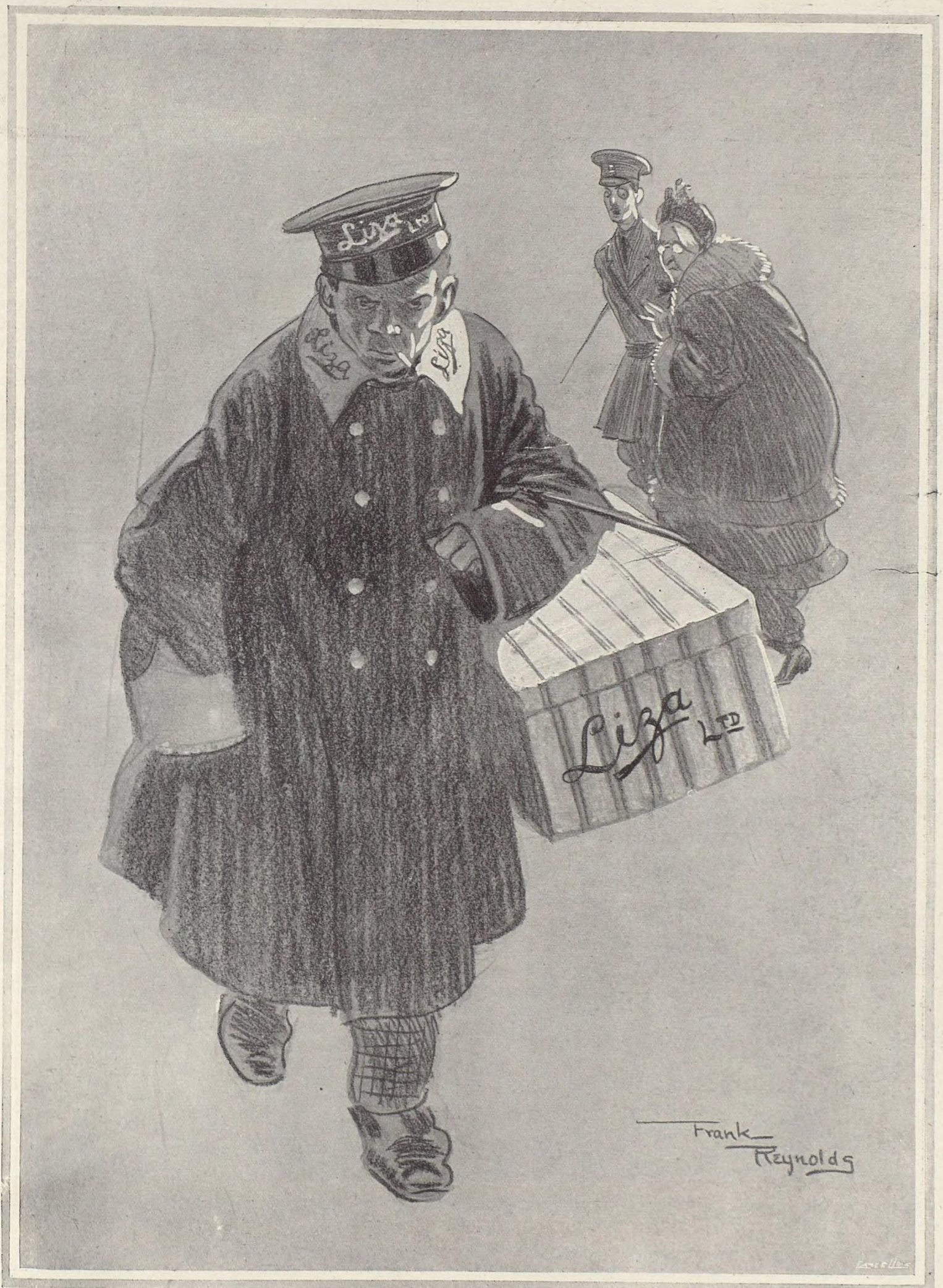
"It is strongly urged that a permanent peace in Europe can best be secured by the introduction of democratic government into the German Empire, since no democracy would plan out a war in advance, as in this case."

That, if correct, is a tremendous statement. You will easily see what it means.

"There is considerable doubt whether England would or would not have joined her present Allies had not Germany forcibly invaded Belgium and Belgium taken up arms in self-defence."

That is another tremendous statement, and it rings true.

A MODISTE UNIFORM.



THE ENTHUSIASTIC OLD LADY: Now, tell me, Harold, what regiment is that?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

POSES FOR BRITISH WOUNDED: ANGLO-HELLENIC TABLEAUX.



1. A LIVING PICTURE—"LORD BYRON AND THE MAID OF ATHENS":
Mlle. PAPAHAZI AS THE MAID, AND M. ALEX. PHOTOIADIS AS
BYRON.

2. A MADONNA: Mlle. KAZAZI.

3. THE TEMPLE OF THE ERECTHEUM ON THE ACROPOLIS: THE LIVING
CARYATIDES.

That a neutral nation like Greece should be the scene of a unique effort on behalf of British wounded is peculiarly gratifying, and the recent Tableaux Vivants given by the Anglo-Hellenic League of Athens proved a complete success. They were presented in the Royal Theatre, lent by H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece; the King and most of the Royal family were present; and the performance included a most interesting series arranged by the well-known Greek painter, M. Othonaios, and in which many ladies

of the best Athenian Society took part, assisted by ladies of the English colony in Athens. The introduction was a statue of Athena Hygeia, as protectress of the sick and wounded, which is one of the attributes of Minerva. The statue was splendidly personified by Mrs. Mark Kerr, wife of Admiral Mark Kerr; and the final tableau was a reproduction of the Erechtheum, with living Caryatides, impersonated by Mrs. Mark Kerr, Marchesa Imperiali, and Mlles. Nicolopoulo, Mario, Verrjopoulo, and Kazazi.

IN A NEW "TAKE-OFF": VENUS OF THE VENUS DIP STEP.



PLAYING VENUS TO MR. FRED FARREN'S ULYSSES IN "STAGE-STRUCK," AT THE EMPIRE: MISS IDA CRISPI.

It was arranged that the programme of the Empire this week should contain a new burlesque called "Stage-Struck," written by Leslie Stiles, with music by Cuthbert Clarke, and with Miss Ida Crispi and Mr. Fred Farren in the leading parts. In giving prophetic glimpses of the new burlesque to an interviewer, Miss Crispi made veiled

allusions to a certain false step, known as the "Venus Dip Step," which would be introduced with the result that she, as Venus, and Mr. Fred Farren, as Ulysses, would "both roll down into a real pond, to what I might call liquid music." Since last playing at the Empire, Miss Ida Crispi has appeared in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest.

Photograph by Bassano.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Official Book of the German Atrocities. Told by Victims and Eye-Witnesses. 1s. net. (Pearson.)
Paris Waits, 1914. M. E. Clarke. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Kaiser, Krupp, and Kultur. Theodore Andrea Cook. 1s. net. (Murray.)
Russia and the World. Stephen Graham. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
With the French Eastern Army. W. E. Grey. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. Philip W. Sergeant. 16s. (Stanley Paul.)
The Track of the War. R. Scotland Liddell. 6s. net. (Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)
In the Lands of the Sun. H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden. 16s. (Nash.)
The Royal House of Portugal. Francis Gribble. 15s. (Nash.)
A Pilgrim's Scrip. R. Campbell Thompson. 12s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)
Under the Blue Cross. C. W. Forward. With Prefatory Note by Lady Smith-Dorrien. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Insects and Man. C. A. Ealand, M.A. 12s. net. (Grant Richards.)
Nelson's History of the War. Vol. I. John Buchan. With a Preface by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G. 1s. net. (Nelson.)
Behind the Scenes in the Terror. Hector Fleischmann. 12s. 6d. net. (Greening.)
The German Army in War. A. H. Atteridge. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

FICTION.

The Man of Iron. Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Alan! Alan! Eirene Wigram. 6s. (Murray.)
The Graves at Kilmorna. P. A. Sheehan. 6s. (Longmans.)
La Belle Alliance. Rowland Grey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
A Mixed Pack. Dorothea Conyers. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Snare. George Vane. 6s. (Bodley Head.)
The Naulahka. Two Vols. Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. (The Service Edition.) 2s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan.)
Many Inventions. Two Vols. Rudyard Kipling. (The Service Edition.) 2s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan.)
The Making and Breaking of Almásur. C. M. Cresswell. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Red Hair. Robert Halfax. 6s. (Methuen.)
Pigeon Blood Rubies. H. McD. Bodkin. 6s. (Nash.)
German Spies in England. William Le Queux. 1s. (Stanley Paul.)
Stories of the Kaiser and His Ancestors. Clare Jerrold. 2s. (Stanley Paul.)
What I Found Out. By an English Governess. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Enter an American. E. Crosby-Heath. 6s. (Methuen.)
Forlorn Adventures. Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Methuen.)
Marie Tarnowska. A Vivanti Chartres. 6s. (Heinemann.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN EXAMPLE OF ATAVISM: THE KAISER.*

A People Destined to be Ruled.

Did Great Britain show herself as weak as the enemy by having "a morning hate," the German Emperor would be, without question, the man most accursed: he does not play the game of War. For all that, there is much of interest in the character of the Kaiser, and not a little magnetism in his personality. What is the secret of the firm belief the Germans have in him?—for that belief is very strong, however much many may seek to minimise it, not realising that popularity may belong even to a monarch who sends his people to death in hordes with the idea that his country may "progress" over their bodies and the bodies of those who oppose them that Europe may be free of Junkerdom and militarism. There can be little doubt that Dr. Holland Rose offers the true explanation. "Among no people," he writes, "has the leader and ruler counted for more than among the Germans. With them personal influence has prevailed over the dictates of law and of a constitution. Tacitus noticed that peculiarity among the ancient Germans. In the tribal assembly the chief carried his proposal more by his individual influence than by the authority of his office. So also in 'Beowulf,' the chief is the designer of plans, the comrades are merely his followers, led by his forethought, nerved by his example, and rarely, if ever, questioning his decision. The same is true of recent times." Thus it came about that "in the present age a leader, who is also a ruler, has called forth to utmost tension all the energies of the German race."

An Example of Atavism.

And what manner of man is this Imperial Pied Piper? "His character is more complex and enigmatical than that of any Sovereign of our time—indeed, since that of the first Napoleon. There are very diverse strains in his nature. Its basis is Hohenzollern, and he seems to have forced to the front this side of his being, for he is a man of strong will-power, as nearly all the Hohenzollerns have been . . . in the main the Prussian Kings have worked hard and lived simply. They have been energetic Commanders-in-Chief, not remarkable for width of view or variety of attainments." Frederick I. and Frederick William IV. provided exceptions to the rule. The Kaiser shows certain of the tendencies of both—he has Frederick the First's rigid yet tempered Prussianism; and Frederick William the Fourth's versatility (which has made him something of the harlequin, ever waving his wand and commanding transformations), plus that kingly authority "from God alone" which led his predecessor to say that he would never allow a sheet of paper—otherwise, a Constitution—to come between "the Lord in Heaven and his subjects." As a whole, the writer has it, Kaiser Wilhelm II. is "a man restless in habit and romantic of speech, yet also possessing great power of organisation; a weaver of daring schemes, yet also patient and persistent in preparing for their execution; an orator, yet also a man of action; a lover of arts, but pre-eminently a soldier." To emphasise the point, he is "an example of atavism": his nature recurs to that of the previous generations. "In few traits of his character does he resemble his father or mother, except in fondness for literature, art, and music; and those characteristics he shares with his great-uncle. As is well known, his mother, formerly Princess Royal of Great Britain, was very clever—far too clever for the Prussian Court of her days; and her sharp ironical remarks, no less than her decidedly English ways, often brought her into difficulties." Certainly, the Kaiser does not resemble his mother in that! In fact, he was frequently on strained terms with her.

What Is He?

Then to the soldiering. William II. was ever military. At eight, he exacted a salute from a careless sentry. Likewise, he was Old-Prussian from the first. He was little over twenty-three when he gave Bismarck his portrait with "Cave, adsum" ("Take care: I am near you!") upon it. Further, the fact that he is a patriot—however mistaken—cannot be denied. As such, "he has evoked a storm of patriotic fervour such as the world has not seen for a century past." For the rest, what is he? "Let us notice his phenomenal activity. He is one of the hardest workers in that nation of hard workers. . . . He has personal charm. He is one of the ablest impromptu speakers of his Empire . . . possesses the imaginative gifts which add dignity to oratory. . . . There is in his nature a decided vein of romanticism." "A ruler whom the gods wish to destroy they endow with eloquence. It is a fatal gift. . . . Never has it been more fatal than with Kaiser William." His religion is of the Old Testament, added to strong ancestor-worship. Summed up, he is almost neurotic at times, easily excited—a state of things possibly due in part to his ear-trouble. "It is an open secret that he often takes morphia. . . ." His autocracy has ever been a menace to peace. He is, taking him all in all, much smaller than Napoleon, yet in some respects suggests him—especially in desire for world-rule. Like Napoleon, he is a danger; like Napoleon, he will fall.—Our quotations are from a single chapter of Dr. Holland Rose's very fascinating book: every line of it should be read. Nothing can prevent it being a valuable contribution to contemporary history.

* "The Origins of the War." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (2s. net; Cambridge University Press.)

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Our London Volunteers.

There is a stir amongst the patriotic men who have volunteered for Home Defence—real volunteering in this case, for the Government does not, and does not intend to, spend a penny in clothing and equipping them—and the movement is beginning to take some form beyond the gathering together of bodies, large or small, of men drilling for Home Defence.

The Western Regiment.

I was present one day last week at a meeting in the Town Hall at Westminster when the preliminary grouping of the corps in the west of London into battalions of a Western Regiment was tentatively arranged. The Mayors of each borough are to be asked to take an interest in the movement, which some of them have already done, and a representative from each borough laid on the table the number of men who are already drilling and who have satisfied the conditions of the Central Association, which lay down that no man is to become a member of these voluntary corps who should be serving his Majesty in the Regular or Territorial corps unless he can give a reason which satisfies the recruiting officer of the district, or unless he signs a paper saying that he will enlist if called upon to do so.

Sir O'Moore Creagh.

Most of the boroughs in the western area should, from the numbers already drilling, be able eventually to put a strong battalion in the field; and if Kensington brings all her citizen soldiers into line she could, I fancy, put at least two strong battalions at the service of the Government. Sir O'Moore Creagh is the head of this volunteer movement, which has started during the war, and it was on the conditions which he and his committee have laid down that the War Office have recognised the Volunteer Training Corps, and are prepared, should they prove their efficiency, to give them their place in the scheme of national defence.

What the Volunteers Can Do.

Such an experienced soldier as the ex-Commander-in-Chief in India and the practical men whom he is appointing as Regimental Commandants are not in the least likely to allow the Volunteer Training Corps to attempt to perform duties for which they are unfitted. They form the third line of our defence, and their duties in case of an invasion, or in case of a threat of imminent invasion, should be to take over military duties that will set free corps of the first or second lines of defence for the actual firing-line. As disciplined bodies trained to a certain extent in the use of arms, the Volunteers should certainly be fit for garrison duty, for escort duty, and for duty on the lines of communication. Such military work is not,

perhaps, very exciting, and there is little of the pomp and circumstance of war attending it; but it is just as useful and just as necessary a part of the defence of the country as bayonet charges or firing withering volleys at an attacking enemy.

No "Peacocking." The danger that attends the creation of all corps of amateur soldiers is that they may become too military without being soldierly enough. The badge of the Volunteer Training Corps is not any uniform, but the red band with "G.R." on it which is beginning to be seen in our streets, for the men wear it when going to their drill-grounds. If the Volunteers wear the grey uniform which is allowable for drill purposes, it is strictly laid down by Sir O'Moore Creagh and his committee that this is to be looked upon as a dress for drills and not as a dress for peacocking in at other times. Many of the corps, wishing that no unnecessary expense should be entailed on their members, do not intend to insist on uniform of any description, and consider the red band as a sufficient mark. Other corps think a military cap or a slouch hat a sufficient badge of uniformity; and it certainly seems to me that no poor man should be penalised in pocket because he is anxious, though he cannot become a Regular soldier, to do something for the defence of his country.

Simplicity a Virtue.

If, as an old soldier, I may be permitted to give a word or two of advice to those who control the Volunteer Training Corps, I would strongly advise them to accept the simplicity in many matters that characterises our troops in the field in the present war. The officers who join the Army at home find, when they go out to France, that their swords and their leather trappings are the first things to be discarded, as making them marks for the enemies' snipers and as being useless as a distinguishing mark to their own men, who know their officer's voice just as well as they know his appearance. For the work our Volunteers will be called upon to do, the officers in command of corps and of companies will, if their commands are spread over a long line—such as the guarding of a railway, or the occupation of a line of forts, or the protection of a convoy—certainly use motor-cars as a mode of transit, and to call upon them to produce chargers for any ceremonial occasion will be to put them to quite an unnecessary expense. I have seen in my day, at the old Volunteer reviews and sham fights, so many elderly gentlemen doing involuntary circus performances on hireling steeds that resented their conversion into chargers that I am sure that the present Volunteers should not yearn for Commandants and Adjutants on horseback.



THE MOST COVETED FRENCH DECORATION—TO BE GIVEN TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH: THE "MEDAILLE MILITAIRE."

The "Medaille Militaire," which the French Government, in the name of the nation, has announced its intention of conferring on Field-Marshal Sir John French, is the most coveted of all decorations awarded in France. It is purely a soldier's distinction, and can only be won in the field, either by the performance of some special act of courage (upwards of two hundred awards of the Military Medal have been made to British officers and men on that ground), or, as in the case of Sir John French, as a special testimony to masterly generalship. On those grounds, indeed, it was that M. Poincaré, the French President, decorated General Joffre with the Military Medal after the Battle of the Marne. It is to be awarded to the Grand Duke Nicholas concurrently with its presentation to Sir John French. The medal itself is ordinarily of silver, and bears the legend "Valeur et Discipline." It is worn with a yellow ribbon edged with green. Wearers are entitled to a salute from all of equivalent rank, and the decoration carries with it a nominal annuity of 100 francs.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illus.]

WEDDINGS ; AND PARCEL - PACKING : SOCIETY EVENTS.



THE WATERS-FULLER WEDDING : THE BRIDE
AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE WATERS-FULLER WEDDING : PICTURESQUE BRIDESMAIDS
AND PAGES.



THE WATERS-FULLER
WEDDING : A PAGE.



PARCEL-PACKING FOR QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FIELD FORCE FUND :
LADY ETHEL BAIRD



PARCEL-PACKING FOR QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FIELD FORCE FUND
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.



THE BUTLER-FELLOWES WEDDING : LADY RAN-
DOLPH CHURCHILL LEAVING THE CHURCH.



THE BUTLER-FELLOWES WEDDING :
A PRETTY PAGE TO THE BRIDE.



THE BUTLER-FELLOWES WEDDING : LORD SOMERS,
A GUEST IN KHAKI.

A very pretty wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Feb. 23, was that of Mr. Robert A. S. Waters, eldest son of Mr. A. W. Waters, J.P., late Assistant-Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, to Miss Mary Irene Georgiana, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fuller and grand-daughter of Mr. F. H. Beaumont, D.L., Buckland Court, Surrey. The dresses of bride, bridesmaids, and pages were alike charming.—No scheme for adding to the comfort of our troops on active service is more practical than that which owes its inception to the kind heart and sound sense

of H.M. Queen Alexandra, whose Field Force Fund sends the soldiers "just what they want." Our photographs show her Grace the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Ethel Baird, daughter of the Earl of Kintore, busily engaged in packing parcels to be sent to the front.—A very notable wedding was that at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Feb. 24, of Captain J. G. Butler, of the 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler, to the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey. Although it was a "quiet" wedding, many fashionable guests were present.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2 and 3, by Alfieri; Nos. 4 and 5, by Topical; No. 6, by L.N.A.; No. 7, by Photopress; No. 8, by Illustrations Bureau.

HORSE-RACING AND HEROES; AND A MILITARY WEDDING.



TO HOLD BOTH WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND LUNCHING RACE-GOERS: THE GRAND STAND AT EPSOM, CONCERNING THE USE OF WHICH THERE HAS BEEN A DISPUTE.

Sportsmen may look back a long way before they find an incident more sensational in its own manner than the scratching, by the Duke of Portland, of all his horses for all engagements at Epsom this year. The action of his Grace was apparently a sequel to the decision of the Epsom Grand Stand authorities that two of the four rooms now used by wounded soldiers should be luncheon-rooms on racing days. The Duke had previously expressed the opinion that it would be deplorable if the wounded

soldiers were turned out, and that it would be better to abandon the meeting. It may be added that the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, War Office, has expressed himself as quite satisfied with the arrangements that have been made, which do not necessitate the removal of the soldiers from the Grand-stand Hospital; while Lord Marcus Beresford has announced that the King's horses will fulfil their engagements at Epsom.—[*Photograph by Record Press.*]



WITH SOLDIERS AS POSTILLIONS FOR THEIR CARRIAGE AND AN ARCH OF STEEL TO PASS UNDER: LIEUTENANT E. H. BRAMALL AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS WESTBY).

Salisbury Cathedral has been the scene of many picturesque weddings, but few have been more so than the recent marriage of Lieutenant E. H. Bramall, of the Royal Horse Artillery, and Miss Westby. When the ceremony was concluded, Lieutenant

Bramall and his bride passed from the Cathedral doors beneath a glittering arch formed by the swords of his brother-officers, to a carriage drawn by six horses, to a reception at the City Hall. The wedding created a great deal of interest.

Photograph by G.P.U.

THE LATEST MODE DE LA GUERRE IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX.

DRAWN FROM LIFE



"FOR THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN"—AS WELL AS THE WOMAN: A PARADE OF THE 1915
LONDON DRESSMAKING HOUSE, AT PRESENT

During the first months of the war the activities of the world of fashion in Paris were practically at a standstill, and last autumn the great dress-making houses were threatened with the possibility of having to suspend operations. There were no fashions for the winter of 1914. Paris, however, has recovered herself. We shall have a *mode* for the spring of 1915, says a French writer on the subject: in fact, we have it already. Paris is at work again, creating and launching her new "creations" throughout the world of fashion. But "la guerre" still exercises its influence on

KHAKI-CLAD LONDON BUYERS "INSPECTING" MANNEQUINS.

BY L. SABATTIER.



SPRING FASHIONS AT A FAMOUS PARIS COSTUMIER'S, BEFORE TWO REPRESENTATIVES OF A GREAT ENGAGED IN GIVING THE GERMANS A "DRESSING."

the Rue de la Paix, and sometimes it produces dramatic contrasts there, as on the occasion which is here illustrated. M. Sabattier's drawing is no imaginary scene, but was made from life in the salons of a famous "Maison." The two British officers in khaki who are holding an "inspection" of Parisian mannequins are, in private life, buyers from a well-known London house. They had obtained leave to visit Paris for the purpose of placing their orders. The romance and reality of war are curiously illustrated in such a scene as this.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

THOUGH the Duchess of Wellington was not primarily responsible for the framing of the Women's Petition for the Suppression, or Prevention—or whatever it may be—of Aliens, she has consented to act as President of the Committee. To Lady Glanusk, perhaps, rather than to her Grace may be ascribed the initiative in the development of the idea that the women of England are immediately concerned with the enemy in our midst. According to an interviewer, who may, perhaps, have slightly exaggerated the severity of her views, Lady Glanusk resents the fact, among others, that German and Austrian men and women are allowed to live in comfort in England despite the reports of the barbarous treatment meted out to English people in Germany.

A New Housekeeping. But the question of comfort is mentioned only in an aside; Lady Glanusk's chief point is that the thinking women of England are entitled to demand that certain measures of safety should be taken. The instinct that makes them ask, for instance, that no aliens shall be allowed to live in or near coast towns is hardly more than an instinct for one of the higher forms of housekeeping. Lady Glanusk, by reason of many ties with a vulnerable corner of the British Isles, has good reason to be interested; and the Duchess of Wellington is constantly reminded from the windows of Apsley House of the threat of attack, and of the precautions that may or may not avail against the hostile sinister powers of the air.

No. A 1, London. The Duchess of Wellington is not unduly given to petitioning the Government on matters of administrative policy; and if she commits herself to as few committees as any Duchess alive, it is because her concern has been for the good works that she herself could see through to the end. The forbidding gates of No. 1, London have been shut on the army of busybodies who turn most consequential drawing-rooms into centres of world-wide organisation. Perhaps the tradition of the Iron Duke haunts those iron portals. "Don't make a d—d fool of yourself, Sir," he said to the gentleman who bowed too low to him in Piccadilly; and even in the present generation Apsley House has been kept innocent of a great deal of the cant that helps our later-day nobility to combine in peace of mind abundance of state—mostly in frocks and h.p.—and good living with abundance of tea-table socialism.

The "Wellingtons." Like her beautiful daughter, who paints and is a devoted Thompsonian, the Duchess gives much time to poetry and the arts, and comparatively little to her dressmaker. Unlike the great Duke, she will lend her name to no article of attire. And here a story: As

the riderless horse, with the famous boots slung across its back, was led down St. James's Street in the Iron Duke's funeral procession, Mr. Brookfield's small daughter said, "Mamma, when we die, shall we also be turned into boots?" That little girl showed promise, surely, of being a thorough-going materialist; she and Lady Eileen could never have joined hands, even in the nursery.

A River Hero. From Apsley House several war-workers have gone forth. Lady Eileen is serving with the Red Cross; and Lord George Wellesley, once in the Grenadier Guards, is a Flight Officer. It was he who, a few winters ago, jumped into the Thames at Putney Bridge to rescue a young woman who had thrown herself into the river and was not at all eager to be pulled out. Only a young giant in physique could have issued alive from the adventure. The current was unusually strong, the weather extraordinarily inclement, and the girl peculiarly unwilling. Lord George made nothing of the feat, and if his dripping clothes had not betrayed him when he escaped home to Apsley House he would have said nothing about it.

Services All Round. There is, obviously, good stuff—

as the Officers Commanding put it—in the Wellesleys, and the good looks are no less apparent; but it is a moment at which the "stuff" counts for everything. Lady Eileen, wrapped around in nurse's grey, is proving herself a most able recruit; and half-a-dozen men from the family's ranks have hastened into khaki and already grown muddy in the trenches. The petition may be counted among the least of the services that the family is rendering the State. It will be perused with mixed feelings at the Home Office; and the War Office, conscious of the great military name that ushers it in, will receive it with all the grace it can summon to its assistance, but with little more. "K. of K." is not over-fond of the alien enemy in our midst, but neither does he cherish a wild affection for the feminine finger in the official pie. He suffered (and perhaps it was as well that he did so) from one finger in South Africa. He will feel himself justified, probably, in turning over the deputation to one

more deeply versed in such affairs than himself—that is, to Mr. McKenna. The Home Secretary has been fated to face the ladies; and now, at a moment when the Suffragettes have declared a truce, he must deal with the demands of a new army. But about the Duchess of Wellington there is no hint of the fanatic; and her committee, with whom the Duchess of Sutherland is also associated, will not break those pretty Lutyan windows in Smith Square, nor fire the church that faces the McKenna nursery, even if the Home Secretary finds it impossible to do all they require of him.



THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1872, the Duchess of Wellington was known as Miss Kathleen Emily Bulkeley Williams, and she is the daughter of the late Captain Robert Griffith Williams, second son of the ninth holder of the Williams-Bulkeley baronetcy, which dates from 1661.—[Photograph by H. Waller Barnett.]

ASHLEY-WINN: A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT OF THE MOMENT.

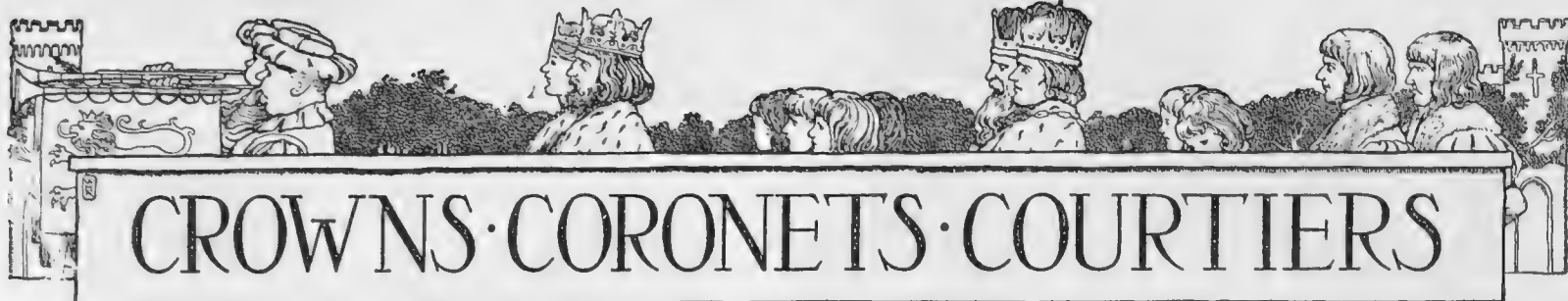


TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ANTHONY HENRY E. ASHLEY, COLDSTREAM GUARDS: THE HON. EDITH WINN.

An interesting engagement which has just been announced is that of the Hon. Edith Victoria Blanche Winn, the only daughter of the second Baron St. Oswald and Lady St. Oswald, who is the daughter of Sir Charles Forbes of Newe. Miss Winn is only nineteen,

and is engaged to Lieutenant Anthony Henry Evelyn Ashley, of the Coldstream Guards, who is a son of the late Rt. Hon. (Anthony) Evelyn Melbourne Ashley, P.C., by his second wife, who was Lady Alice Cole, daughter of the third Earl of Enniskillen.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE habitu  of Christie's is used to bidding for "the property of a gentleman" or "of a nobleman, deceased"; the Red Cross Sale will supply a new range of labels. We are to have "the property of the King" and "the property of the Queen"—the properties of everybody, in fact, are coming into the market on the eventful day. The subtle danger of such charities is, of course, that the collector weeds out the stuff he doesn't vastly care for; he is tempted to contribute some showy piece which in his heart of hearts he knows was the worst of his mistakes as an amateur; or, maybe, he persuades himself that some object left him by his great-aunt will please the taste of Christie's buyers, even if it does not conform with the severe bye-laws of his own cabinet.



A W. R. ROMANCE: LIEUT. NURSING SISTER AGNES BALFOUR DAVIS.

The Canadian Army Medical Corps gives military rank to its nurses, and Nursing Sister Davis ranks as a Lieutenant. She is engaged to marry Captain Thomas C. Bamfield, Machine-Gun Commander, attached to the 17th Battalion First Canadian Expeditionary Force. They first met at Bulford Manor Hospital, Salisbury Plain.

Photograph by Swaine.

butions have come. The somewhat cynical eye of King Street has lighted up at the sight of the really first-class things that have come in; and the Hon. Charles Russell, upon whom has fallen a good deal of the work connected with the sale, is in daily receipt of unquestionable treasures. Mr. Charles Russell, always a believer in his fellow-men, is learning besides to believe in their antiques. The head of a famous firm in Norfolk Street, his concern has been for every conceivable form of give-and-take known to mankind. A solicitor in the Behring Sea Arbitration, solicitor for the Stewards of the Jockey Club—solicitor, in fact, for a thousand-and-one corporations and persons—his chief expertise has been in living problems; for the time being, however, he is choc-a-bloc with works of art, and growing learned in unexpected valuations.



THE PIONEER OF "NAMED" MOTOR-AMBULANCES: LADY BUSHMAN.

To Lady Bushman, the wife of Major-General Sir Henry Bushman, K.C.B., we owe the happy idea of providing "named" motor-ambulances for the front. So successful have been her efforts that enough money has been raised already to send out four "Laura" ambulances.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The Lawyer and the Lots. One of the miracles of the war is that the contributors to

the Red Cross Sale are really making sacrifices. Quite probably there will be buyings-back when the moment arrives. Such is the report of the critical observers into whose care the first batches of contri-



A NEW BARONET: CAPTAIN SIR ARCHIBALD LEONARD LUCAS LUCAS-TOOTH.

Captain Sir Archibald L. L. Lucas-Tooth, who has succeeded to the baronetcy upon the death of his father, Sir Robert Lucas Lucas-Tooth, is a Captain in the Honourable Artillery Company. Two older sons of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth have been killed in the present war.

Photograph by Swaine.

Mr. Desmond O'Brien.

The Hon. Desmond O'Brien, one of the three naval airmen reported missing, is regarded as an exceptionally clever flyer and capable officer. He had a mind for all the more ingenious inventions of the age; and a dearly cherished plan of his was to prevail upon his brother-in-law Commendatore Marconi to turn his genius to certain problems of flight. The missing officer's sister married Mr. Marconi ten years ago.

The Unexpected Crush.

Convinced that the moment for bargains had arrived, all available collectors of rare glass turned up for the sale of Mr. Herbert Allen's collection at Sotheby's. Most people attended under the impression that the others would not; they thought the sale would devolve into an easy-going contest among a

few stragglers whose enthusiasm for Waterford bowls and Venetian tazze had not been sapped by the war. The result was a great crowd. It was the first sale of Sotheby's season, and better attended, as far as I can remember, than any during the last five years.

"—But That's Telling!"

The promotion of Captain Dampier, late of the *Audacious*, naturally revives the most substantial of the many widely circulated but unprinted stories of the Fleet. For our comfort let it be said that against an ugly rumour we can generally set a pretty one. Nor is this to be set down as a mere foible of the gossips. A man of the Admiralty, used to the sifting of all rumours and the editing of much fact and fancy, tells a friend that for all unreported disasters (such as they are) he can vouch for successes which for various reasons it is inexpedient to publish. "Take,"

he says, "the case of the two German submarines—but that's telling!"

A Foreign Office Loss.

The Second-Lieutenant F. C. Tyrrell whose death from wounds received in action was recorded in the *Times* without a reference to his parentage was the son of Sir Edward Grey's right-hand man, Sir William Tyrrell; and, on his mother's side, a grandson of David Urquhart, a famous friend of the Turk. Urquhart had Gladstone's ear in regard to England's policy in the Near East, and—a more enduring benefaction—he introduced the Turkish bath to this country.

The Tyrrells.

Great things were prophesied of the son. Sir William Tyrrell has lost in France. Sir William himself, as everybody knows, is as clever as they make them; and Lady Tyrrell's knowledge of many and various subjects has found expression from time to time in articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere. Lieutenant Tyrrell, who took to soldiering only after the declaration of war,

gave every promise of distinction in diplomacy (if that had been his final choice of a career), and his loss is deplored alike in Oxford and London. He took his second name—Chichester—not from the capital town of the county in which his parents made their country house, but from his great-uncle, Chichester Fortesque, Lord Arlingford, fourth husband of the Strawberry Hill Lady Waldegrave.

The Long Arm of the Law.

Lance-Corporal O'Leary has been likened to legendary heroes, but there is no need to search the literature of the past—"When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre," for his peers. We recall that Irish soldier of the Peninsular War who took eight prisoners, and, when asked how, replied "Sure, I just surrounded them!"



WIFE OF A NEW M.P.: MRS. CARLYON BELLAIRS.

Mrs. Carlyon Bellairs is the wife of Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., who entered the Navy in 1884, and is a recognised authority on Naval affairs, and founder of the Parliamentary Navy Committee. He was formerly Member of Parliament for King's Lynn, and has now been returned unopposed for Maidstone. Mrs. Bellairs is the daughter of Colonel H. L. Pierson, of Laurence, Long Island, U.S.A.

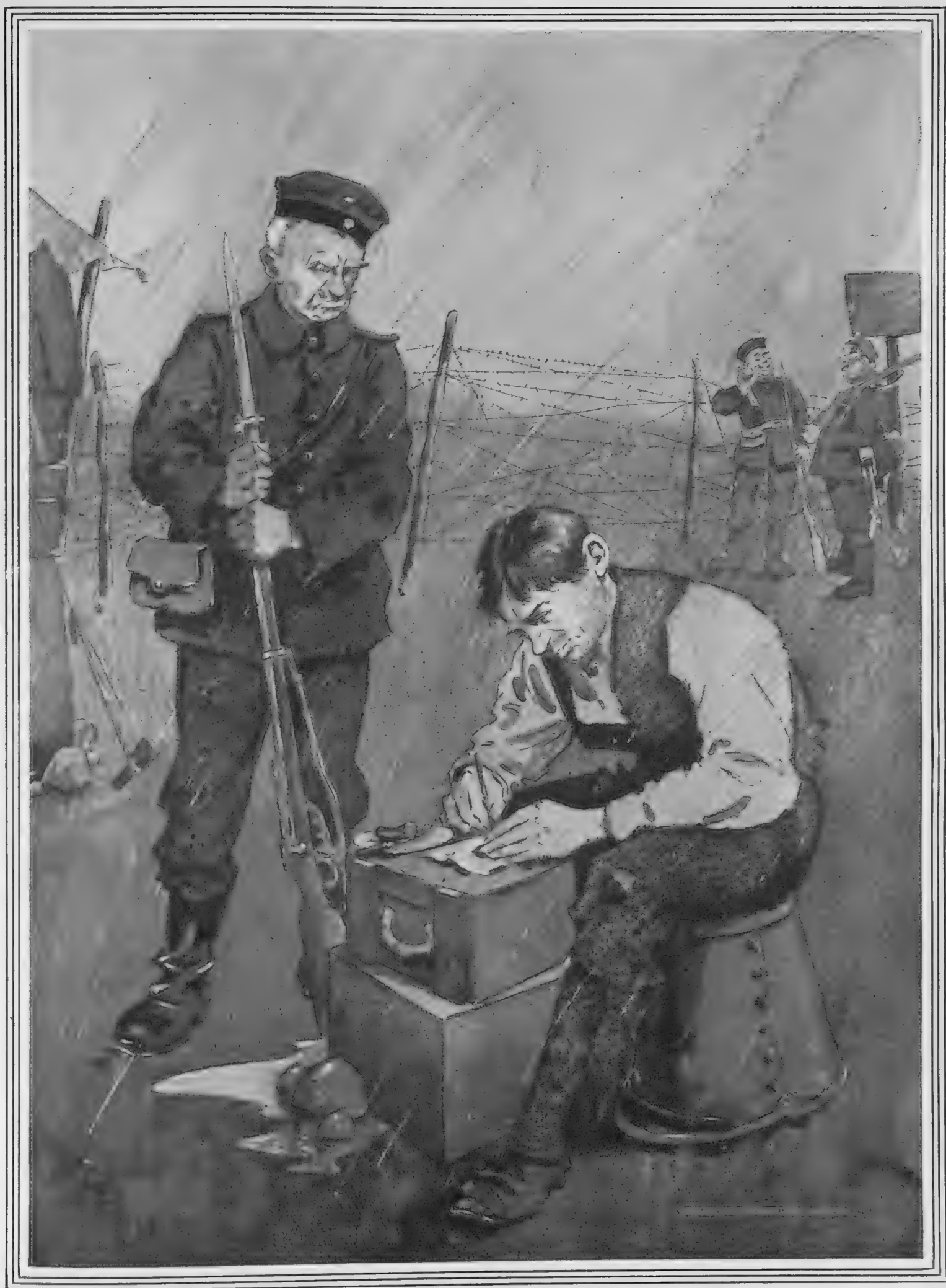
Photograph by Swaine.



WIFE OF A NEW M.P.: THE HON. MRS. HUGH O'NEILL.

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh O'Neill is wife of the newly elected Conservative Member of Parliament for Mid-Antrim, the Hon. Robert William Hugh O'Neill, son of the second Baron O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill is Captain and Adjutant, 12th Batt. Royal Irish Rifles. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh O'Neill is a daughter of Mr. Walter A. Sandeman, of Morden House, Royston.—[Photograph by Barnett.]

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.



TOMMY (*writing home from a prison camp*): Dear Maria, everythink 'ere is luvly: comfortable quarters; fine clothes; a 'ome from 'ome. Bill, who was of a differing opinion, was shot yesterday.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE school magazines are busy laying claim to heroes, with most satisfactory results. Captain Butler (not the bridegroom of the other day, but the Patrick Butler mentioned in French's last despatches) is, for instance, set down in several college lists. St. George's, Weybridge, and Stonyhurst both detect an "old boy" in him; but so does St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, and so does Clongowes. He was, to my knowledge, captain of the cricket eleven (with a batting average well ahead of everybody else's) of one of these institutions. But, since he may have been captain of them all, it is safer not to particularise, for fear of seeming to deny the just claims of three grateful "heads."

"C. of K." The Belgian royal children, who are doing their lessons in Lord Curzon's study, are becoming terribly proficient in English. They have arrived at the age when, in Belgium, the régime of education becomes very exacting; the ground covered is covered thoroughly, and mistakes are "not allowed." Perhaps that is why Lord Curzon felt particularly ashamed of himself the other day when he was found tripping, in a public print, as a translator from the French. His translation, it is true, was not published over his full signature, but "K. of C." is an insufficient disguise for his shrewd young guests.



A DOUBLE KHAKI WEDDING :
SECOND - LIEUTENANT F.
MACFARLANE STOOP.

Lieutenant Stoop is in the Buffs, and has long been well known as a Harlequin and English International Rugby football-player. He was married to Miss Enid Bartlett, at Byfleet, at the same time that his sister, Miss Nesta Macfarlane Stoop, was married to Second-Lieutenant J. E. Maitland, of the Royal Field Artillery. Mr. Stoop is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. C. Stoop, of West Hall, Byfleet.

Photograph by Langfier.

his limp, and feels the time has come for a fresh start, only finds how shaky his wound has made him when he gets into the presence. The Board has devised a fairly stiff nerve-test: the patient is told to shut his eyes, and things happen! To say exactly what they are would be to spoil the test; but for one thing every man who passes it is fully prepared. "And now," says the very senior medical officer, "what do you yourself want to do—that is the important thing?" "To get back to the front as soon as possible," is the inevitable answer of the perspiring warrior, however weary and however sore.

Hard, and Hard Hit. Viscount Ebrington, who figures in a recent list of wounded, is known as a particularly hard and fit young man. His hardness, it is true, has not kept him quite intact; but whenever he has come to grief, in the hunting-field or elsewhere, it has ensured a quick recovery. The last

recorded accident, before the wound, was a kick from his horse. It broke his leg—the second time of breaking for that leg in the course of a twelvemonth. It is to be hoped he will again show the old aptitude for getting well.



WIFE OF THE PEER WHO SHEPHERDED THE INTERNED WOUNDED PRISONERS HOME FROM GERMANY: THE COUNTESS OF ONSLOW.

The important work of superintending the exchange of wounded prisoners between England and Germany has been carried out by the Earl of Onslow, husband of the lady whose portrait we give. He brought back a number of officers and men, now in the Military Hospital at Millbank. Lady Onslow was the Hon. Violet Marcia Catherine Warwick Bampfylde daughter of Lord Poltimore.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

strongly on the subject of graveside sculpture, and especially in regard to those ambitious groups of stone that lie so heavily on the great dead of St. Paul's.

Those Superior Angels.

Carven angels seemed, in particular, to irk his artistic sense.

"There is," he wrote, "only one beautiful angel in sculpture, at any rate that I know of, and that is the Niké of Samothrace in the Louvre; these modern angels, with their laurels and their palms, and their offensive, domineering, superior attitude, are dreadful people." What a pity that the poor "memorialee" has not always a chance of criticising the effigy erected to his memory! What would Florence Nightingale have thought of the meek woman in Waterloo Place carrying a lamp in one hand and holding up her skirt with the other—she who did so much besides keeping her petticoats out of the mud? The preference of our fallen officers would generally be for no sort of memorial save the record of their names among those of their stricken comrades. And for this brass is the enduring medium. The trouble is that, while it is usually possible to admire the motive which prompts the memorialists, the outcome of their well-intended effort is often a dubious honour to the "memorialee."



A DOUBLE KHAKI WEDDING :
MRS. F. MACFARLANE
STOOP.

Mrs. Stoop, who was before her marriage Miss Enid Mair Bartlett, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bartlett, of 63, Westbourne Terrace, W., was married, very quietly, at Byfleet, to Second-Lieutenant F. Macfarlane Stoop, of the Buffs, on the same day that his sister was married to Second-Lieutenant John Edward Maitland, of the Royal Field Artillery.

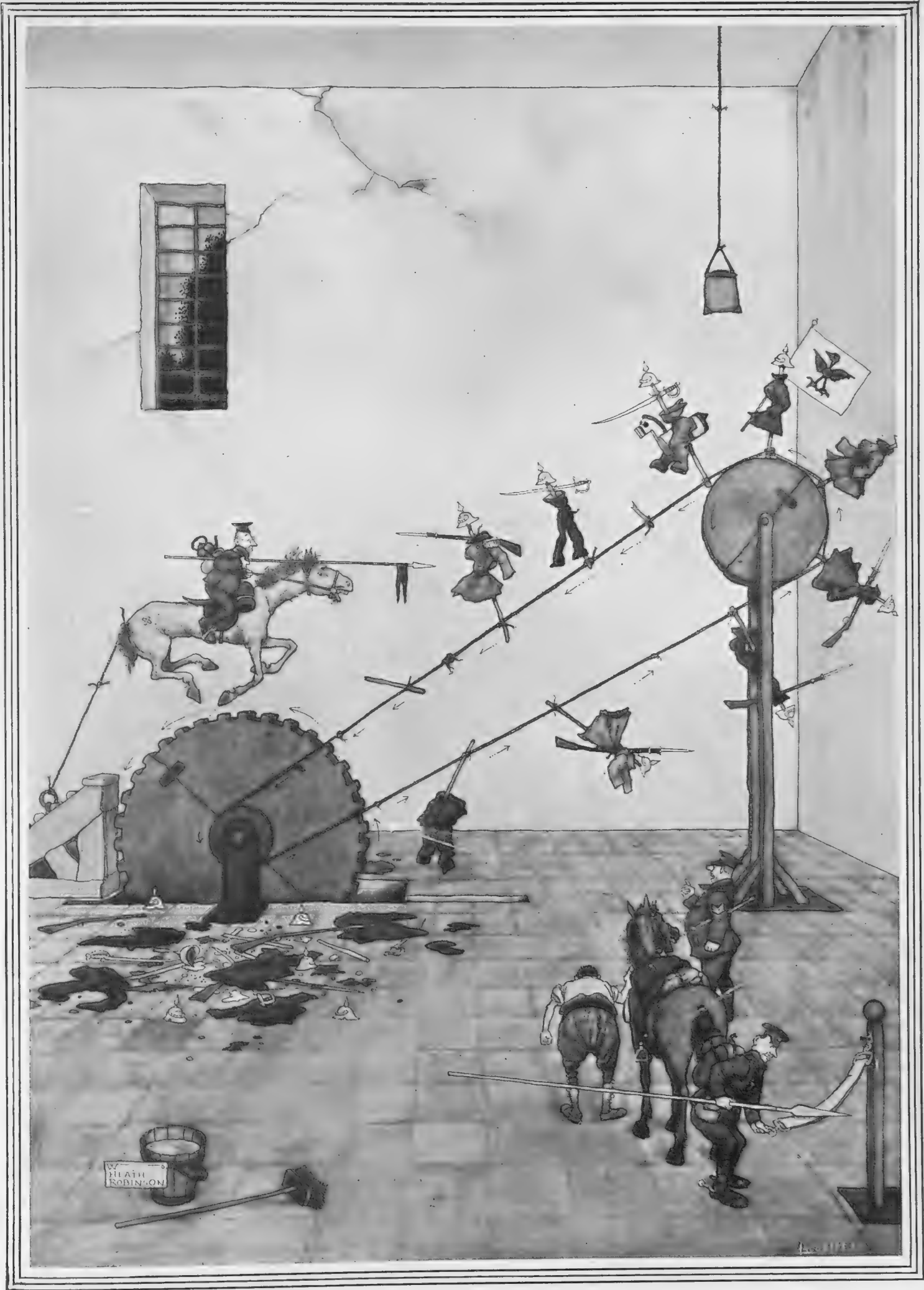
Photograph by Langfier.



TWO OF THE PRINCIPALS IN A DOUBLE KHAKI WEDDING :
MR. AND MRS. JOHN EDWARD MAITLAND.

Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Maitland leaving St. Mary's Church, Byfleet, after their wedding on Feb. 6. Second-Lieutenant Maitland's bride was Miss Nesta Macfarlane Stoop, whose brother was married at the same time. Second-Lieutenant Maitland, R.F.A., is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Edward Maitland, and of Mrs. Maitland, of Banstead Hall, Surrey.—[Photograph by Carstairs.]

RECOMMENDED TO THE WAR OFFICE (REPLY AWAITED).



PATENT APPLIED FOR : THE NEW LANCING - WHEEL FOR TEACHING YOUNG LANCERS TO LANCE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE GHOST THAT COULDN'T.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

'T WAS lacking some three minutes of midnight when, taking my accustomed stroll from Culpepper House to Tarleton, I chanced upon Faithful John. His face, methought, was even greyer than usual, and he looked wearied to extinction.

"What fortune?" I asked him.

"None!" he groaned. "Yet, since you are here, I would fain discuss the matter, as one friend with another."

I tucked my head comfortably under my arm, and, side by side, we drifted along the Terrace and into the house. One of the maids, gossiping late with a footman, perceived us, and, shrieking, dropped her candle and fled. My comrade, scarce smiling at the compliment, bent to extinguish the flame, and passed on.

"Our calling, it seems, hath not wholly gone to the dogs," he said bitterly. "Which, since there are two of us——"

"Each of the seventeenth century," I reminded him. Edward Culpepper, whose honourable shade 'tis my fortune to be, lost his treasonable head in the reign of the second Charles, while John gained his ghostship some twenty years later in rescuing the Tarleton heiress from the pool near the Great Elm.

We climbed the stairs and passed into an attic, lozenge-shaped, and filled chiefly with dust and moth-eaten boxes and furniture. 'Twas a meeting-place high in favour with us, seeing that none of the family were over-anxious to explore it after dusk.

"For two hundred years have I haunted," quoth John, toying with his wet cloak—'tis ever wet, and its "*drip-drip-drip!*" and the damp patches which it leaves are highly valued by him, as being fretting to the stoutest nerves—"and now—to be flouted by a minx of nineteen——!"

I pressed his bony hand in sympathy. 'Twas a state of affairs too monstrous to be tolerated. Every member of the Squire's family acknowledged his spectral rights. At Yuletide 'twere the rankest heresy to question them. But Sir Francis had ever had a weakness for indiscriminate hospitality, and among his guests this season had come, with her sire, one Mistress Mamie Tonks, of Tonksville, Pa. To her, as a matter of courtesy and honourable custom, Faithful John had hastened to pay his devoirs. I myself had not encountered her, save from afar.

"Thrice have I crossed her path in the hall," saith John, his voice broken with the shame of the thing, "and once again in the library, and each time she hath looked through and beyond me, with never so much as the flicker of an eyelash. . . . The wench is, 'twould seem, an 'Amurrican,' being of a nation of which but little was known in my early days, but which is now very puissant and mighty."

"Continue," quoth I.

"Within a week there is, as thou knowest, a meeting of the Grand Council of Spectres. If I appear before them with this indignity upon me, 'twill mean expulsion."

I dragged a trunk across the floor—it made some noise, but Alaric P. Tonks, of Tonksville, Pa., slumbered below, and I bore him no goodwill—and seated myself upon it to ponder the matter.

"You say that you passed this chit in the library. Was she reading?"

"Aye."

"Didst note what she read?"

"'Twas Plato, and, methinks, Marcus Aurelius. But——"

"Restrain thine impatience, good Jack. If they were in the original, she is indeed a scholar. But if they were in the vulgar tongue, experience teacheth me that she may be upon the brink of love, though knowing it not."

"In sooth they were translations, such as are bound in lamb-skin of a delicate tint and texture, and have wide margins. But as for Love——"

"Therein lies thine only hope. Reason and Science, our twin-enemies, tell her that we do not exist, from which cause she flouteth us. But if we can awaken those emotions under which no women and few men retain their reason, peradventure all may yet be well, and thy dishonour averted."

"True," he admitted, sighing so heavily that the casement rattled. "And there are rumours abroad that young Stephen Verity, from London, is enamoured of the lass. He himself is but little influenced by ghostly visitations, being, as it were, marred by much writing of a transitory kind, such as is termed 'journalism,' the which corrodeth while it doth stimulate the imagination. Also, since the young man's means are meagre, her father will lend small ear to his pleadings, though he might yield if she insisted."

I rose abruptly. The snores of Alaric P. Tonks in the room beneath ceased for a space, and then were renewed.

"There may be other means of bringing this matter to a head. Let us first visit the youth."

Faithful John wagged his grey head until his vertebræ rattled.

"Beshrew me, but thou art indeed a friend and a right helpful comrade!"

We stole from the attic to young Verity's apartment. His sleep was restless, and broken by many movements and mutterings. Twice we caught the word "Mamie!" For a space we stood regarding him, not without pity. Then, on a sudden, John crossed to a table beneath the window, seized upon a wisp of paper, and fell to capering delightedly.

"See—a love-missive, which the poor fool hath had neither the hardihood to deliver nor the resolution to destroy!"

I took the paper from him, and read—

"To Miss TONKS,—May I speak to you alone, on Christmas Eve, by the pool under the Great Elm? I have something that I must tell you, and there will be no other opportunity.—STEPHEN VERITY."

"Listen!" quoth I to John, and, catching him by the shoulder-blade, whispered a plan in his ear. As we left the room together the lad stirred, but did not awaken.

From the first it had been my intent to deliver the note to the wench. And, as Fortune would have it, we encountered her at the very door of her apartment. Her glance passed over us, through us, beyond us. And even in the bitter ignominy of that moment I perceived that she was fair enough to set any youth a-muttering in his slumbers, with a white skin, eyes as dark as sloes, and a small, red, prideful mouth.

She yawned a little, and smiled.

"Gee-whiz, but I've had a bully evening!" quoth she.

At that, John gave a whistling moan, and vanished. For myself, I dropped the missive at her feet and slipped back into the shadows.

She stooped and picked it daintily from the floor.

"Guess this *billet-doux* has been dropped by one of the hired girls," she murmured, and made as though to cast it aside; and then, perceiving a fragment of her own name, was moved to open it.

I witnessed her face flush.

"Never!" saith she, stamping her foot; and then, "What—what impudence!"

Nathless, 'twas not entirely without hope that I wended my way back to the Terrace and to Faithful John.

On Christmas Eve we met upon the Terrace again. 'Twould seem that my trusty comrade had regained something of his wonted cheerfulness.

"Within this house," quoth he, grinning, "there are two vastly perplexed souls, one being she who received the missive, the other he who wrote it. For each discovers a new constraint and

[Continued overleaf.]

New German Fairy Tales.



III. "ALADDIN."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

strangeness in the other; while he also hath no knowledge as to how and by whom his love-letter was stolen."

"'Spirited away' were a better phrase," quoth I. "An' will the wench deign to meet him?"

"So she hath intimated, thus completing his amazement. Her tiring-maid—she that is being woo'd so fierily by the second footman—was despatched with a note, which she dropped, shrieking lustily, when I came upon her in the panelled passage. 'I will meet you at the Pool at ten o'clock'—thus ran the message, delivered by the maid when I had gone and she had recovered somewhat of her terrors, and the poor fool is as bewildered as he is overjoyed at the honour. Already, methinks, he hath set out to keep the tryst."

Thereat, by common impulse, we turned, paced the flagged length of the Terrace, and came to where the Great Elm leaned over the Pool. 'Twas, by the very nature of its associations, a favoured haunting-place of Faithful John, though, being old and somewhat weak in the joints, he misliked the water itself. The moon had not yet risen, but there was enough light in the sky to reveal the worm-eaten seat beneath the tree, and young Verity, too restless, and perchance too chilled, to rest, pacing the sward before it. We drew near.

A distant tower boom'd the hour, and almost upon the moment we heard light footsteps crossing the turf. As she came the lad went forward to greet her, his face pallid, his body a-quiver with that strange sickness yeapt "nerves." All about them was in dim silence, but upon the Terrace there fell shafts of yellow light from the great hall, and one caught faintly the murmur of voices and laughter.

Faithful John—who, despite his years, ever lacked tact and proper understanding—would have made himself known, but I drew him back, knowing well that neither was in the mood for ghostly manifestations.

For a space they faced one another. 'Twas Verity who spoke first.

"Aw-awfully chilly, isn't it?"

"Awfully!"

"Rippin' the park looks in the moonlight—what!"

"Top-hole!" quoth she.

"But what I wanted to say," he continued, "was that I couldn't understand *how* you knew I wanted to meet you here. Because, although I'd cheek enough to write a note, I never had cheek enough to send it. Not that it matters, of course."

"Of course not," she agreed, her lip curling.

He tried to take her hand.

"Miss Tonks—Mamie—you can guess the question I had to ask—"

"Dolt!" I breathed. "She is in no mood to capitulate yet!"

Nor was she.

"I find it difficult to answer a question which has not been asked, Mr. Verity. And the unwarranted use of my Christian name—"

"Of course," quoth he desperately, "we haven't known each other long. But the less I see of you the more I like you, and—dash it all!"

She laughed cruelly, and moved away. He made as though he would have followed her and pleaded further, but she shook her head. And 'twas at this point that Faithful John, losing all patience and lacking all discretion, must needs intervene.

"*Wheeu-u-ugh!*" he wailed, leaping forward.

Neither of them saw him. 'Twas all too plain how widely our plans had miscarried. But John, being in desperate plight, made yet another attempt.

"*Wheeu-u-u-ugh!*" he shrieked again, and I, being willing to lend my aid, however futile the enterprise, echoed the sound.

The wench paused, and glanced carelessly over her shoulder.

"If Pop was here with his Winchester," quoth she, "I guess that owl'd have something more than a sore throat to sing about!"

Down the Terrace beside her sped Faithful John, his cloak dripping dank patches, his heels click-clicketting on the frosty flags. 'Twas the finest, maddest display of ghostly sport I have witnessed for many a long season. As I followed close behind, I perceived the chit raise her eyebrows.

"A mighty high wind!" quoth she.

"Faster, Jack!" I urged.

"My, but these shadows are real life-like!" quoth she.

He brushed her cheek.

"Three grains of quinine is what *you* want, Mamie Tonks!" quoth she.

Then was the soul of Faithful John indeed smitten with despair, since the hour of the Meeting of the Grand Council was very near, and well he knew that no excuses would serve him.

He drifted back to me.

"'Twas my last chance," he sighed, nigh heartbroken.

"Never!" I said. We were by now at the Pool again, and, moved by inspiration, I suddenly thrust at him, so that he stumbled and fell forward into the water. And as he vanished I, still mindful to play the part that friendship demanded, shrieked, "Mamie, my love!" and then "Stephen, dear Stephen!" and then "*Mamie!*" again, with a vehemence which came near to dislocating my jaw—and leapt after Faithful John.

'Twas all a drama, the maddest conceivable. The lad, who had been walking swiftly and savagely away from the house, heard and turned back. The wench turned likewise. Both sped towards the Pool. Quick as she was—and one could scarce count a score before she reached the brink—he was before her, and had plunged in, groping.

The moon, suddenly sailing high and scornful above the branches of the elm, showed him that she was still upon dry land. Further—

"You—you'd drown yourself because of me?" she asks, bending towards him.

"I would drown myself to save you," quoth he, truthfully enough, his teeth chattering, and forebore to tell her that he had leapt in thinking her about to end her own life. For 'tis the way of a wench to think higher of one who would kill himself for love of her than of him who would offer up his life to some useful purpose.

Lurking in the darkest corner, we saw him feel his way to the edge, and saw her help him, wet and shivering, and with water-weed thick upon his garments, to the bank. Never looked a suitor less gallant. Yet there was a strange new tenderness in her eyes as she bent towards him.

"I'm . . . sorry," quoth she. "Real sorry, and ashamed, and—and proud."

"But I love you," said he—and from his tones 'twas manifest that the water had already given him a raven-like hoarseness—"I love you, Mamie, and, wet or dry, whether I live or die, I'll always love you. But I'd rather die than that you should be sorry and ashamed and proud, without ever caring for me at all!"

For a space there was silence. Then says she, softly, "I—I'd rather drown myself than have the death of a man like you, Steve Verity, on my conscience; and though glory only knows what Pop'll say when I tell him, if you want me—"

We overheard no more—little, that is, that one could record. But when, watching them from the bank, we saw her suffer him to put a soaked arm about the waist of her dainty gown, we did indeed take heart of grace. And as they moved away we caught, as it were, a last fragment of conversation.

"I heard the first splash," quoth she doubtfully, "and then the second, with queer, shrill cries; and then, when you hopped into the pool, a third splash. It's a mighty strange thing, but it's taught me—"

I awoke from a reverie upon that sweet and foolish madness which men call "Love," and urged forward my comrade.

"Bestir thine old bones," I cried, "ere the last chance be gone and 'tis indeed too late!"

Adown the pathway, twisting, curvetting, grimacing, sped Faithful John. 'Twas a vision to chill the blood and blanch the cheek of the boldest. He drew level with the couple—passed them. The wench looked round, cried out, and clung to Verity's arm.

"A—a ghost!"

"*Wheeu-u-u!*" shrieked Faithful John, exulting wildly.

"Oh-h!" she shuddered, leaning weakly on the lad's breast.

"*Wheeu-u-u-ugh!*"

"And I never believed in them," quoth she faintly, closing her eyes.

"Nor I!" he echoed, sneezing.

"*Wheeu-u-u-u—!*" began Faithful John, for the third time, when, clear and deep, the clock of the village church boomed midnight.

We vanished joyously.

There were great happenings at the Grand Council of Spectres that night.

THE END.

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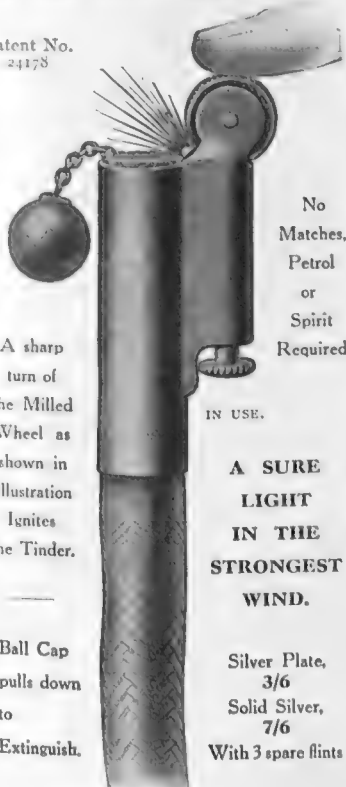
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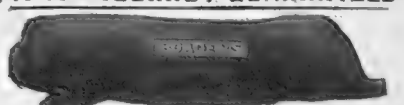
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Vanishing Bogeys. It would seem as if, in peace time, we all lived in a strange crepuscule in which bogeys—of our own invention—were able to materialise themselves and to frighten us in sinister fashion from undertaking our plainest duties. One of the hardest of these bogeys was "Compulsory Military Training," and all the ignorant Chadbands in Little England combined to render the apparition formidable. We could not, in this vast Empire of ours, contrive to arm ourselves as well as Switzerland does. In the clear, uncompromising daylight of war we see the bogey in all its unpatriotic worthlessness, and splendid has been the reply of our youth to the national call to arms. I think it can no longer be doubtful that, when this war is over, even if we can afford to reduce our fleet and our standing armies, every young man in the Empire will voluntarily do some military training. Another bogey, assiduously cultivated, was the negation of any duty in the Near East. It was assumed, even when Abdul Hamid was rousing horror all over the world—except in Germany—by his appalling massacres of Armenians, that we were unable to protest in any fashion whatever except across a green-covered mahogany table. The idea that we should be briskly setting out, in the middle of a world-war, to take Constantinople would never have occurred to anyone a year ago. There was the quite presentable bogey of non-intervention in the way. And the elasticity—the will and power to act everywhere—of the British Empire is dramatically shown on the Suez Canal, where Indians, Australasians, and English Territorials are doing what Napoleon I. could not do—holding Egypt. The Turkish bogey must be put back in the cupboard as an ineffective goliwog.

German Tropes.

That the Germans have not the slightest sense of humour, and are therefore uncivilised in the highest modern sense, is quite evident not only from their Hymns of Hate, but from the grandiloquent and pompous manner in which they habitually speak and write of themselves as a nation. It is clear that every soldier,

from the Kaiser down to the fattest Landwehr-man, regards himself not merely as a Siegfried, but as an Archangel Michael. They have fought with amazing *élan*; but when the day of disaster comes, as come it must, how foolish all this talk of "shining armour" and the intimate assistance of Providence will look—how tawdry and idle their boasts. The grim silence of the French and Russians, the smiling, reticent optimism of the British, form a curious contrast to all this venomous prating. To envisage oneself as perfect and invincible

millionairess) of the President of the United States. Nobody seems to object, except a German aunt and the British Foreign Secretary. There is something to be said for the avoidance of marriage of cousins, but why should not King Alfred have espoused the daughter of some great English, Scottish, or Welsh peer, as other Kings of England have done before him? "Poppa" would surely have been in a curious position at St. James's or Windsor Castle. However, this well-observed piece of fiction was obviously written in the remote days "before the war." Certainly the daughter of President Wilson—he has an unmarried one—would scarcely be in the running now as bride for one of our Royal Princes. The President has taken his "line," and history is likely to be surprised at its apparent cynicism.

The Chastened Pleasures of Royalty.

Whenever I hear an intimate account of the lives of royal and imperial personages, I am chiefly reminded not so much of their high and glittering fate as of their more than common share of trouble and sorrow, and of their chastened and very limited pleasures. The women-folk, at any rate, are obliged to live what closely resembles a harem life. Much of their time is spent in "charity," whether they approve of that out-of-date way of relieving poverty or not. They must visit the sick in hospitals, open buildings, and lay foundation-stones "well and truly" when they would, perhaps, liefer be scampering in the woods and fields, dancing, or seeing their friends as common mortals do. Another chastened pleasure of royalty consists in perpetually depositing wreaths of flowers on historic tombs. This is a rite which no exalted personage is permitted to neglect. Nor are they often out of crape and bombazine, or the tactful shades of grey and mauve which indicate a mitigated sense of loss. The cousin-ship of the thrones of Europe is so close that from Christiania to Madrid, and from London to Petrograd, as well as all over Central Europe, you shall not find a Court which is not plunged into sable with the decease of a Royal Highness. Then, again, the holidays of these high personages are not altogether

exclusive. They are passed exclusively in the family circle. Kaiser Wilhelm is the only European Sovereign who always took a summer holiday *en garçon*, and without any relatives with him. The *Hohenzollern* steamed yearly up the Norwegian fjords, and the Kaiser amused himself with a few boon companions. As a rule, parents and children, grandmothers and aunts, varied only at rare intervals by an occasional male cousin—who comes to arrange a State marriage—inhabit, for several months, some unattractive schloss in strict family seclusion. In short, royal persons, owing to their place in the limelight, have to assume all the *bourgeois* virtues and excellences, while they have little of the variety and change of modern life, and no means of broadening their outlook or getting into real touch with their humbler contemporaries.



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is to challenge the wrath of the gods themselves. The Germans will soon be incurring it.

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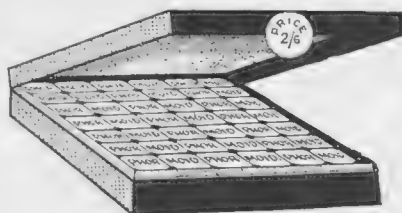


A few months ago I was so thin, shapeless, almost cadaverous, in appearance, that I might well have been called a "living skeleton." My cheeks and neck were sunken, my chest was scraggy, and my arms and shoulders seemed nothing but skin and bone. With an absolutely flat and undeveloped bust, and a form that of evening dress was and I shunned all see only pity in the

After I had tried endless medicines, diets, and treatments without the slightest success, an old French physician one day told me that dosing myself with medicines was a mistake. He advised my taking regularly a highly concentrated food produce which he recommended as supplying the blood and nerve cells with certain of the vital nutritive elements which they always lack in cases of excessive thinness, and without which flesh cannot form.

Frankly, I disbelieved him and did not fully understand his rather scientific explanation regarding malnutrition, lack of proper assimilation of my food, etc., for I had become a confirmed pessimist. However, as I had nothing to lose by following his advice, I purchased from a chemist a small supply of the food he had mentioned, and ate a little three times daily with my meals.

Within a short time I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes, so great was the transformation in my appearance and the remarkable improvement in my health. At first, for some strange reason, the most noticeable increase in flesh was about my neck, shoulders and bust, especially the latter, which increased one inch in measurement during the first week, and slightly more than that the second week. Since then I have discovered, and proved in numerous cases, that the effect of this food is primarily to cause rapid development of the bust, and, unfortunately, it cannot therefore be used to develop other parts of the body unless bust development is also required, for its nutritive properties are not apparent upon other parts to any noticeable extent until after the bust, neck and shoulders have become permanently



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by what this free box ACTUALLY DOES. You may doubt my word, just as I doubted the old French physician's, but there would be no object in presenting you with a free box if there could be any possible doubt as to its almost miraculous effects as proved before your very eyes by your own tape measure after you have taken the contents of the free box for only a single week. Remember, this is not a sample, nor a "trial size" box, but a regular full-sized 2s. 6d. package.

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May be safely used on the most delicate and sensitive skin.

TOILET SOAP

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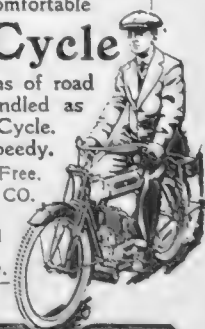
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is the almost invariable result of the regular use of the remarkable new preparation. TOZANA, which is a real HAIR FOOD, whose function is to nourish the roots and quickly to bring about the rejuvenation and preservation of the Hair.

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positively removes dandruff, and by maintaining the scalp and hair roots in a healthy condition, promotes the growth of the hair and prevents it from falling out or turning grey. TOZANA contains no oil or grease.

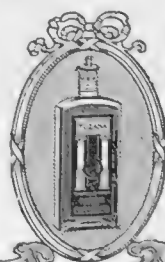
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TOZANA.

Miss
BLANCHE
STOCKER.

("Potash and
Permuter.")



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Official Scandal. The Turkish Fabrication Factory is turning out material that will not be approved of by its so dearly beloved German allies. The arrival of the harems of the Kaiser and the German officers at Constantinople, which the Turks chronicle as imminent, looks like a desire on the part of the Kaiser and the German officers to be rid of these appendages, since their expected arrival would seem to synchronise with that of British and French shells. It really looks as if the wily Turk were making fun slyly of his so powerful and mighty Islamic German Majesty, seeing that another of his choice products is that the first Turkish Army Corps arrived at the front in twenty-five Zeppelins! Even Zeppelin crews do not succeed in arriving, so what about army corps? As to the two thousand asses laden with gold to bribe the Islamic Kaiser not to bombard London, they will be asses if he gets them! No comic-opera conceptions were ever funnier than these.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. F. BURKE, R.G.A.: MISS JANE DENTON.

Miss Jane Denton, whose engagement to Captain Hubert Francis Burke, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, has been announced, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Denton, of 119, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W. Captain Burke is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel W. St. George Burke, late R.E., and Mrs. Burke, of Sudbury, Suffolk.

Photograph by Sarony.

sportswoman, and a great favourite. Her brother, Lord Apsley, is nearly a year her junior, and there are also two boy brothers—one twelve and one eleven. Lord Alastair is said to be a brilliant young officer, and is a most attractive man. The name of his brother, Lord Malise, comes from an ancestor, the first Earl of Mentieth, who had a peerage conferred upon him by his cousin, James I., for the ransom for whom he was later a hostage.

A Good Fund. Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund is one by itself in many ways; and it is one at which a great many well-known ladies are working hard. The scheme is to get to units at the front things of which they actually stand in need, quite different in character from the excellent supply of food and clothing provided by the Army stores. The Executive have enormous premises at 24A, Knightsbridge, placed at their disposal by the generosity of Harrod's, Ltd. Here a busy scene may be witnessed any day. Queen Alexandra was there herself last week, busily inspecting the great stores before they were put in the bales to go to officers who had asked for them, and who would personally distribute them to soldiers needing them. Another day the Duchess of Portland was there; and looking on at the busy sorters and packers—all voluntary workers—was Princess Victoria, Princess Christian's elder daughter. The Countess of Bective and her daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Adelaide

Taylor, Lady French, and Lady Codrington, are all deeply interested in this Fund, which does fine work. As the Army in the field grows, it must grow, so please send spare cash to the Q.A.F.F.F.

Sister Susie

Must not stop sewing shirts for soldiers, for there are every week more soldiers needing shirts; also, when the weather gets warmer, they will want cotton shirts. Of course, we trust the Government; but we also want to help it, and shirts and socks are women's jobs. I am perfectly certain that the Premier, the Secretary of State for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty would all be strategically at a standstill if asked to turn a heel. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey would be nonplussed if told to set a collar-band; and if Mr. McKenna were suddenly ordered to "cast on sixty," it would be interesting to see how he would set about it. Women are as familiar with these tactics as General Joffre is with nibbling the enemy. There are soldiers coming and going that say, but for their good socks, shirts, and mufflers, they would be dead as doornails! "So here's to maiden of knitting and purl, And here's to the Matron that stitches. They help our men shells at the Huns to hurl, And to keep themselves warm in damp ditches!"



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. C. BOWLES, R.E.: MISS RUBY MOORE.

Miss Ruby Dorothy Moore, whose engagement to Captain John C. Bowles, of the Royal Engineers, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Moore, Royal Engineers, of Bifrons, Farnborough, Hants. Captain Bowles is the only son of the late Alfred E. Bowles, of Herne House, Hayes, Middlesex, and the step-son of Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel W. Campbell (retired).

Photograph by Swaine.

A Brave Show. Not only in the battle are the brave; last week Lady de Ramsey showed the bravest front at her daughter's wedding. Her husband is detained in Germany, where he was when war broke out. He is at an hotel, but is not allowed home, although far beyond fighting age, and suffering from eye-trouble. One of her sons is a prisoner of war; one of her sons-in-law has joined our band of dead heroes. The day before the wedding, Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley, her

eldest daughter, nearly lost her life in a motor-accident, and was badly cut on the head. Yet Lady de Ramsey looked as brave a lady as any at her daughter's wedding, which was both pretty and cheery. Not for nothing had she the great Duke of Marlborough for an ancestor!

"Zonneslag et Cie," with which the Belgian company have followed up "La Kommandatur" at the Criterion, is a little gentle relaxation after a strenuous effort. It is composed largely of M. Libeau: he plays a kindly but tyrannical old Brussels shopkeeper with a pretty daughter, who must not be allowed to marry the man whom she loves, and, of course, succeeds in doing so; and this part of the story gives us two homely, well-observed, and altogether delightful little scenes behind the shop, in which M. Libeau is at his very best, and Mlle. Yvonne Dylma, Mlle. Dinah Valence, and M. G. Desplas are, in their different ways, almost as good. Between the first act and the third the shopkeeper breaks out into a holiday at Ostend, where skilful character-drawing gives way to reckless farce, and M. Libeau is decorated with a South American Order and tries to learn English.

This part of the entertainment seemed a little incoherent, but it was much enjoyed; and, indeed, it would be hard for anybody not to enjoy M. Libeau whatever he chose to do.



BOTH WORKMANLIKE AND CHIC: MRS. WYNNE, OF THE HECTOR MUNRO FLYING AMBULANCE.

Mrs. Wynne is seen here in two styles of the service—and very serviceable—dress worn by her on duty at the front as a helper with Dr. Hector Munro's Flying Ambulance Corps, an organisation which, as everybody knows, has done invaluable service all along the fighting line in West Flanders. For neatness, chic, and workmanlike turn-out, either costume may be commended.

Early Spring Fashions

—advance Styles now being shown at the
Regent St. House of Peter Robinson

WE invite ladies to inspect the Advance Models in Tailor-mades, Afternoon Gowns, Coats, Mantles, Blouses and Millinery; the "Military Note" makes the new styles specially interesting, while, as always, our goods will be found unsurpassed for **Good Taste, Good Quality, and Good Value.** Note the examples pictured:

FIGURE 1. Particularly smart Costume for young ladies, perfectly cut and tailored on the latest lines. Coat has new short effect with strap across back bound round with silk braid; new short, circular skirt bound braid to match. In three sizes.

In good quality Serge Coating 79 6
Also in Gab Cord 94/6

Can be had with longer skirt if desired.

New Sailor Hat of Moire Silk, lined liserie straw; small wings on brim 49/6

FIGURE 2. Smartly tailored Coat in shades of Covert Coating; half-lined Silk 63/-

Also in British Coatings—navy with fancy striped collar, and black with Moire collar same price.

Very smart Hat in black Tegal straw, trimmed black and white wings 2½ gns.

FIGURE 3. Perfectly cut and tailored Costume for young ladies, in good quality navy Coating, bound with black silk braid. Skirt made with new long circular tunic. The short coat, which has the appearance of a deep belt, is edged braid and finished with black barrel buttons.

In three sizes. Also in black 94/6

Also in Covert Coating and Gab Cord 5½ gns.

New Hat in black Taffeta, with white silk and cord trimming 45/9

Of importance to YOU—Our Special Sale of
Gloves & Hosiery, commencing on Monday, March 8.

**The Regent Street House of
Peter Robinson Ltd.**
South Side of Oxford Circus.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Sports Coat.



FINE Knitted Wool Coat, for indoor or outdoor wear. Perfect fitting with Magyar Sleeve. In White and shades of Grey, Blue, Brown, Emerald, Purple and Rose du Barri. Price EACH. **21/-**

If you have not yet visited our new premises, you should do so. They contain the best values in the best lighted Store in London.

**Robinson
& Cleaver**
The Linen Hall,
Regent Street, London, W.

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT.



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and strong as I was I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation because I knew that I must give up business, or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same, as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose 1d. stamp to pay postage. W. Grace Hartland (Dept. 804), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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The Proprietors of
SCHWEITZER'S
"COCOATINA," "FAIRY
COCOA," etc., beg to inform
their clients that **NONE** of their
products are manufactured in
Germany; that they are a
private English Company managed
by a Board of English
Directors, and that all shares
are held by relatives and connections
by marriage of the
late sole proprietor, Captain
Thomas Edward Symonds, R.N.

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LIGHT - BROWN
COD LIVER OIL

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CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST and
THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEBILITY &
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Make your HAIR beautiful!



Nature intended your hair to be beautiful. But unnatural conditions of living—insufficient outdoor exercise, worry, overwork, the strain of social duties, ill-health, &c., have robbed it of its natural lustre, and made it brittle, dull, scurfy. If you wish to make your hair beautiful, you must assist nature in nourishing the hair roots by daily rubbing into the scalp

**ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL.**

This beautiful natural oil, delightfully perfumed with genuine Otto of Roses, being of an extremely fluid quality, flows quickly to the roots of the hair and affords the nourishment essential to the growth of

LUXURIANT HAIR.

It removes scurf and prevents its recurrence, restores elasticity and strength, prevents falling out and premature greyness and baldness, and imparts a beautiful lustre.

It is also an excellent dressing for false hair, and gives to whiskers, beard and moustache a dark hue and wavy appearance.

Prepared in a golden tint for fair hair.
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TAKING THE CHANCES.: ONE OF A THOUSAND: CLUTCH AND HAND-BRAKE.

An Extraordinary Record.

Do many motorists take the risk of not insuring their cars, out of a sublime faith in their own driving skill, commingled with a high degree of luck? Judging by the plethora of firms and associations which are now prepared to insure one against anything and everything, it would naturally be concluded that the practice of insuring a motor-car was universal. There are exceptions to most things, however, and the experiences of a writer in a recent number of the *Light Car* may be noted with interested surprise. For sixteen years, he avers, he always travelled uninsured, and never encountered anything worthy the name of accident. There may be some parallels to this; but none the less the record can only be described as remarkable in the extreme. Even this fortunate individual, however, admits that he broke his long-standing rule at the beginning of last year, and within one month had found himself under the necessity of making two claims; and in each case he was driving the car himself.

Why Insurance Pays.

Though the lesson was a long time in coming, it served its purpose. The careful driver of a car is no more justified in defying Fate through confidence in himself than is the man who in the ordinary way would be justified in declining to insure his life merely because he was sound and of temperate habits. The risks of a car-owner, in fact, are greater than those of the ordinary holder of a life policy, for the simple reason that other men may do the wrong thing. I, for one, have been paying car-insurance policies since 1899, and have never had a single accident when at the wheel. Some twelve years ago, however, a man whom I had trained to look after my car left me suddenly to become a driver, and magnanimously sent along a substitute. Him I informed that he was not to take the car out on any account in my absence, but at the first opportunity he disobeyed this injunction, and within less than half a mile from my home he ran into a cart and killed a horse. If I had not insured the car I should have had a heavy bill to pay. Since then I have never had occasion to make a claim, but I have twice been in a serious accident on someone else's car. In Italy, three years ago, the car on which I was travelling was run into, head on, with a bang which I shall

Questionable Counsel.

Laying down the law at considerable length the other day, the *Pall Mall Gazette* animadverted on the practice followed by many drivers of omitting to put the hand-brake on when leaving a car in a garage. By omitting to apply the brake, the article said, the



TO THE FRONT, AS EVER: THE BURBERRY—NOT A WATERPROOF THIS TIME, BUT A MOTOR SOUP-KITCHEN PRESENTED TO THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

The motor soup-kitchen presented by Burberry's, of the Haymarket, for supplying hot soup, coffee, and so on to the men at the front, was designed by the engineer of the R.A.C., and consists of a 30-cwt. Vulcan Commercial chassis and a box-van body. It is fitted with cupboards, drawers, tables, sink, and paraffin stove. In the roof is a water-tank, with pumping apparatus and filter. At the back is a sun-blind, which will be appreciated, perhaps, later on.

clutch was thereby left in engagement. I was fain to rub my eyes on seeing this, for the number of cars nowadays on which the application of the hand-brake simultaneously withdraws the clutch could probably be counted upon one hand. Proceeding from this false premise, however, the article went on to declare that to leave a clutch in engagement was of very harmful effect; but curiously enough, the writer did not produce a solitary reason in support of that contention, and merely harped upon the necessity of pegging back the clutch-pedal with a piece of wood every time the car was out of use. A stranger piece of advice I have rarely seen. Clutches are of many types, and it does not inevitably follow that all are to be treated alike; the fact, nevertheless, remains that a clutch's primary purpose is to be in engagement with the fly-wheel; and, whereas in the old days one was always withdrawing a clutch for speed-changing purposes, nowadays, with improved carburettors and flexible engines, one can drive on the throttle for hours at a time. If there be any serious objection to leaving the clutch in its proper place when the car is at rest, let the same be duly stated; to say the least, however, it is somewhat remarkable that the heresy has never been hinted at before.

A New Pressure-Gauge.

The Dunlop people never seem to tire of bringing out something new, and as good as it is new. Their latest item is a pressure-gauge, for the purpose, of course, of testing the inflation of one's tyres. The average pump has already a fitting of the kind attached; but, apart from the possibility of its having got out of order from frequent pumpings, there is the consideration that to attach a pump-nozzle to four tyres in succession and test their hardness by strokes of the piston is a more irksome matter than merely attaching an independent gauge. The Dunlop variety costs 5s., but saves that amount many times over if used with a view to ensuring the degree of inflation which is best calculated to preserve the life of the tyre.



SPEEDING THE FIRST Y.M.C.A. MOTOR-RESTAURANT ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) AND HER COMMITTEE.

The Princess and her Committee have organised groups of ladies to assist at the Y.M.C.A. centres in France, and have provided and collected comforts for the men of the Expeditionary Force. The photograph was taken before the departure of the first motor-restaurant-car. From left to right are: Mr. Barnard Cowtan (Treasurer); Cornelia Lady Wimborne; Lady Elizabeth Dawson; Lady Egerton; Viscountess Falmouth; the Countess of Bessborough; Mrs. Henry Webley; Mrs. Mackey Edgar; H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

remember until my dying day; while, a year later, another car on which I was travelling was struck amidships at a crossing. In each case the resultant damage was so serious that had I been driving my own car, without being insured, the cost would have been very much greater than I should have cared to meet.

EAT MORE CHEESE.

As an article of food cheese has not been sufficiently appreciated, but now that the war is beginning to induce us to consider economy and food values, cheese is coming into its own.

It is not the sole function of cheese to be cut up in little dice and nibbled at the end of a meal. Cheese is a good, wholesome, staple food which can be made into a meal, just as meat, fish, or eggs, and strangely enough it contains more body-building proteid and heat-giving elements than any of these three articles of food—and it is cheaper

There are many people who find ordinary cheese indigestible. They should eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is specially made to render it perfectly digestible.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is one of the most delicious and popular cheeses on the market. Apart from containing nourishing properties like other cheese, it also contains enormous quantities of lactic cultures in pure and active form.

The cultures counteract and destroy harmful poisons which other foods deposit in the system.

Consequently St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is not only delicious and nourishing, but a great health food. Make it a part of your daily diet for a short time, and you will satisfy yourself as to its food and health values. Obtainable from leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country, price 6½d. a packet.



The Safe Beautifier.

In choosing a toilet cream to suit your skin and to prevent blemishes and protect it against the cold winds, frost, fog, heated rooms, etc., you are quite safe in buying POND'S VANISHING CREAM, the manufacturers of which have over 70 years' world-wide reputation, and the purity of whose products is scrupulously tested in their own scientific laboratories.

POND'S is the original "vanishing" cream. Its success led to numerous imitations, but POND'S remains unrivalled. It is the daintiest, purest, and most successful toilet cream ever produced; free from grease stains, and stickiness. Apply with finger tips, no massage required. See that you get the genuine Pond's Vanishing Cream, and refuse all substitutes, no matter what name they may be offered under. On receipt of 1d. stamp to pay postage we will send you

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Pond's Vanishing Cream is sold in 1/2 tubes and 1/4 and 2/8 jars by all chemists.

Also try Pond's Tooth Paste—the most agreeable and efficient of all dentifrices. Sold only in 1/2 collapsible tubes.

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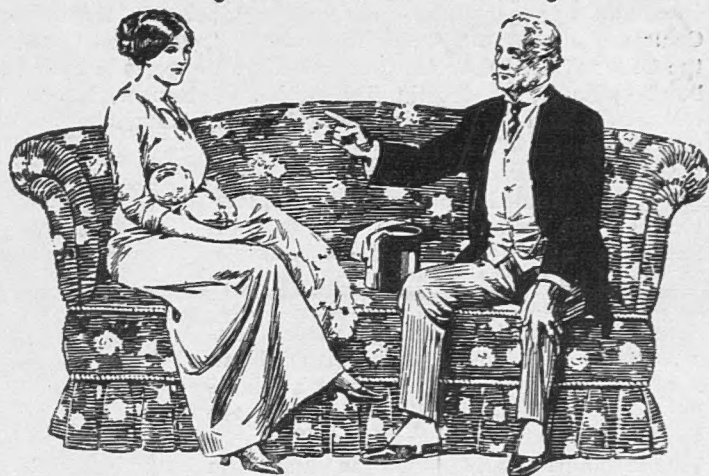
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Don't—as you value your child's life—experiment with “foods” of unknown composition; the lives of millions of children have been lost in that way.

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NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

Ask your Grocer or Stores' Manager how you can send, carriage paid, tins or a case of Nestlé's Milk to the Front. Our troops appreciate it tremendously.



NO MORE TIRING JOURNEYS TO EXPENSIVE SPAS

A course of Thermal Baths with Anturic Salts taken in the comfort of your own home effectually supersedes a Foreign Spa Cure without recourse to a special diet.

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The most effective means known of relieving Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, etc., by removing Uric Acid from the system through the skin, i.e.,

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COUPON - INSURANCE - TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the “Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,” 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the “Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act” 1890.

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March 3, 1915

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

"BROKEN IN THE WAR."

TO the multiplicity of benevolent efforts to mitigate the suffering brought about by the great war must now be added one of urgent necessity and extreme value: "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel." Many soldiers, both officers and men, will be deprived of their sight, and would find their lives dark indeed without some effort to mitigate their affliction, and this Hostel is started to meet this sad condition. It is only too true that "He that is stricken blind, cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost," but this kindly movement will do much to help him. The arrangements are being made by the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee, of which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is Chairman, and which includes among its members Mr. Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Joint Committee of the British Red Cross, and of the Order of St. John, and four well-known experts in caring for the blind—Miss E. W. Austin, Dr. A. W. G. Ranger, Mr. P. Tindal Robertson, and Mr. Henry Stainsby. The King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales have expressed interest in and sympathy with the effort. At "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel" the men will learn how to combat their affliction so far as possible. They will be taught to read and write, to typewrite, even to dress, undress, and eat with comfort under the sadly altered conditions of their lives, and intelligent blind men who have learned the art of minimising their drawback will be among the Hostel teachers. The inmates will also be taught poultry-keeping, garden and farm work, marketing, sports and games, and given a new and lasting interest in life. Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known American financier, has generously placed at the disposal of the Committee, St. Dunstan's, a splendid house with twelve acres of gardens and grounds, and, for the few weeks required for structural alterations, Mrs. Lewis Hall has kindly lent 6, Bayswater Hill as a temporary hostel, where a number of blinded soldiers are already adapting themselves to life under altered conditions. The staff is voluntary, under the supervision of a trained matron. The Executive Committee of the National Relief Fund has made a preliminary grant of £5000; the maintenance is provided by the joint Committee of the British Red Cross Society, the Order of St. John, and the National Institute for the Blind, but the Secretary will be pleased to hear from anyone who will lend motor-cars for the use of the inmates and staff, or who will contribute to the fund for appliances, apparatus, specially devised games, etc., which Sir George Riddell has started with a gift of £250. It will be an immense relief to the sightless soldiers and sailors to feel that their care is assured, and that their future will be made as useful and comfortable as conditions permit, and the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee should find plenty of benevolent people eager to help them in carrying their beneficent purpose into effect. The establishment of the Hostel, moreover, will relieve existing institutions of an additional claim upon their already fully utilised resources.



WHEN CIVILIAN CLOTHES DISCARDED FOR KHAKI: "THE MAN OF TO-DAY"—AN INGENIOUS POSTER.

It is characteristic of the spirit of the times that the well-known military tailors, Messrs. Pope and Bradley, should have issued the striking new war-poster which we reproduce. It should prove effective in more directions than one, and is instinct with the patriotic feeling which is in the air.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT would need the talent of the elder Dumas himself—author, it will be remembered, of the first of the romantic plays, "Henri II. et sa Cour"—to do anything like justice on the stage to "Les Trois Mousquetaires," a work notable, despite its length, for the feeling of swiftness and motion. Alas! in translation to the stage these qualities are merely represented by jumps from one situation to another, giving us bare hints of what has happened in between. This is caused by one of the difficulties of the dramatist—that his canvas is very much smaller than that of the novelist, with the result that, when he tries to tell the same tale, enormous sacrifices must be made. Probably many of the enthusiastic audience at the new Lyceum knew nothing of the omissions in the version by Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck given the other night at the popular playhouse, and still running. They may have been a little surprised sometimes by the "no sooner said than done" atmosphere, but did not murmur against it. Consequently, since

the tale itself is strong, the piece went very well and the players received hearty applause, to say nothing of "floral offerings"—one can hardly use the term bouquets—handed over the footlights. I presume that most of them were meant for Miss Ethel Warwick, who represented that dreadfully wicked person "Miladi" with a good deal of skill and charm, and bore up bravely against Fate, which apparently compelled her to go without a change of garments for quite a long time. I am, however, inclined to challenge her choice of travelling-clothes. However, one ought not to challenge the clothes in this class of play, there being a sort of convention that it never rains, that there is no mud, that the dirt does not soil, and that nobody dreams of travelling with luggage. Mr. Harcourt Williams played the d'Artagnan as if he enjoyed his task—rather surprising, seeing that, as a rule, he takes and plays admirably characters in drama of quite a different class. Mr. Herbert Williams was funny as

the valet; and there were pleasant performances by Miss Dorrie Roberts and Miss Mary Pemberton.

Reproducing some photographs the other day, we stated that the remarkably interesting dresses in "Venus, Ltd.," at the Palladium, are by Paul Poiret, of Paris. In point of fact, the dressmaker to be congratulated is Jules Poiret, of Hanover Square, W. The gowns show the great designing abilities of an Englishwoman.

A series of lectures with practical demonstrations will be given every Friday (except Good Friday) at 3 p.m. until April 16 on "Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent," at Queen's Gate Hall, Harrington Road, South Kensington, under the auspices of the Gas Light and Coke Company. The lectures are intended for the assistance of those who have undertaken the work of nursing wounded and invalid soldiers back to health. Admission will be free on presentation of a ticket, to be obtained on application to the Gas Light and Coke Company, Horseferry Road, Westminster, S.W.



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